

## Room for a Jovial Tinker, Old Brass to mend.

OR, Here is a Tinker full of Mettle,  
The which can mend, pot, pan, or Kettle;  
For stopping of holes is his delight,  
His work goes forward day and night:  
If there be any Woman brave,  
Whose Cauldrons need of mending have;  
Send for this Tinker, ne'r deny him,  
He'l do your work well if you try him:  
A proof of him, i'lle forthwith show,  
'Cause you his workmanship may know.

The Tune is, *Behold the man, &c.*



I was a Lady of the North,  
She lov'd a Gentleman,  
And knew not well what course to take,  
To use him now and then;  
Wherefore she wist a Letter,  
And seal'd it with her hand,  
And bid him be a Tinker,  
To mend both pot and Pan:  
With a hey ho hey derry derry down,  
With hey trey down down derry,  
And when this merry Gentleman,  
The Letter he did read,  
He got a Budget on his back,  
And Apron with all speed;

His pretty ears and pincers,  
So well they did agree,  
With a long Pike staff upon his neck,  
Came tripping o're the Lee:  
With a hey, &c.  
When he came to the Ladies house,  
He knocked at the gate,  
Then answered this Lady gay,  
Who knocketh there so late?  
'Tis I Madam the Tinker said,  
I work for Gold and Fee,  
If y' have any broken Pots and Pans,  
Then bring them all to me:  
With a hey, &c.

I am the brashest Tinker,  
that liveth beneath the Sun.  
If you have any Work to do,  
you shall have it well done :  
I have brashest in my Budget,  
and pushing under my Apron,  
I'm come unto your Ladyship,  
and mean to mend your Cauldron.  
With a hey ho hey derry derry down,  
with a hey trey down down derry,  
I prethe said the Lady gay,  
bring now thy Budget in,  
I have store of work for thee to do,  
if thou wilt once begin.  
Now when the Tinker he came in,  
that did the Budget bear,  
God bless, quoth he, your Ladyship,  
God bless you Madam fair,  
With a hey, &c.  
But when the Lady knew his face,  
she then began to wink,  
Past lusty Butler then, quoth she,  
to fetch the man some drinx,  
Give him some meat as we do eat,  
and drinx as we do use,  
It is not for a Tinkers trade,  
good liquor to refuse.  
With a hey, &c.  
But when that he had eat and drunk,  
the truth of all is se,  
The Lady took him by the sleeve,  
her Work to him to shew,  
Set up thy tools Tinker, quoth she,  
and see there be none lost,  
And mend the Kettle handisomely,  
what e're it doth me cost,  
With a hey, &c.  
Your Work Madam shall be well done,  
if you will pay me for't,  
For every nail that I do drive,  
you shall give me a mark :  
If I do not drive the nail to th' head,  
I'll have nothing for my pain,  
And what I receive of you,  
shall be return'd again.  
With a hey, &c.

At last being come into the room,  
where he the Work should do,  
The Lady lay down on the bed,  
so did the Tinker too.

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The Tinker did his work full well,  
the Lady was not offended,  
But before that she rose from the bed,  
her Cauldron was well mended.  
With a hey, &c.  
But when his Work was at an end,  
which he did in the dark,  
She put her hand into her purse,  
and gave him twenty mark,  
Here's mony for thy Lord, said he,  
and I thank thee for thy pain :  
And when my Cauldron mending lacks,  
Ple send for thee again.  
With a hey, &c.  
The Tinker he was well content,  
for that which he had done,  
So took his Budget on his back,  
and quickly he was gone,  
Then the Lady to her Husband went,  
O my dear quoth she,  
I have set the brashest Tinker at Work,  
that ever you did see.  
With a hey, &c.  
No fault at all this Tinker hath  
but he takes dear for his Work :  
That little time that he wrought here  
it cost me twenty mark.  
If you had been so wile quoth he,  
for to have held your own,  
Before you set him to his Work,  
the pice you might have known.  
With a hey, &c.  
Pray hold your peace my Lord, qd. he,  
I think it not to dear,  
If you could do so well, it would save  
you forty pound a year,  
With that the Lord most lovingly,  
to make all things amends,  
He kindly kill his Lady gay,  
and so they both were friends,  
With a hey, &c.  
You mercry Tinkers every one,  
tht bear this new made Sonnet,  
When as you do a Ladies Work,  
be sure you think upon it.  
Drive home your nails unto the head,  
and do your Work profoundly  
And then no doubt your Mistresses,  
will pay you for it soundly,  
With a hey, &c.